

Azar to Amany – 30 November 2007

Somehow I have to grant you feeling a lot of pain this and the coming period. Before I could write this note to you last night, I was rolling on the floor, almost crying desperately from this whole situation I have never been in before. I felt such a strong urge to just please your ego (and just meet you at your request). That seemed the easiest thing to do, but somehow the other side, not wanting to be with the ego right now and not bearing this now, also came out very strongly. This was a big fight inside 'me'.

When I tuned into you(r state of the moment), my body cramped up in many ways, resistance came up undeniably. When I tuned into Rose, deep sighs (of relief) emerged. Eventually, the battle in me Stopped, acknowledging that I am completely human: why should I be with someone who has such, repressed or otherwise, resistance towards me (at the moment, or structurally). I felt a great relief and so much love Seeing that I just 'should' allow you your pain,¹ that I 'should' give this back to you instead of just absorbing it. If I just live 'my' Truth, everyone ultimately benefits - unless we call 'Ego' 'someone'. It is a Relief not to have to be better than Truth, than God or whatever you want to call It, everything is taken care of.

I feel a Total Embrace of You in 'my' rejection of Your Ego that finally dares to manifest a bit more or at all in this painful place called Earth. Seeing the consequences of ego's coming out into the light, the tendency will be strong in you to quickly put the ego back underground. My Heart can only hope that You will not do that, but I cannot and will not force that. It is your Own Intelligence that Decides to Finally Let the Ego be rejected by Me, Truth. I suddenly feel much at ease with the current situation. It is a very intimate Love affair: the Ego being presented to Truth to have Her head Chopped off. Is there something more profound, something more honest, something more intimate...?

'Please', live your hate and keep sharing with me, with Truth, and take full Responsibility for the consequences, for your life. Something that is the case anyway - hate, resistance, whatever - cannot stay in the Dark forever; everything Wants to Be Seen, Felt, by the Whole Heart, the Whole Body, everything Wants to be Lived.

However hard it may be, it doesn't seem to be too hard for you, you have Something Strong within you. Something in 'me' hates that some people pick 'me' to be the bully in their lives, to be the awful Mirror. It wants to scream: why don't you work your own shit out yourself first, and only then come to 'me'. But I Know it doesn't work like that. The ego of (some) people can only be (or is mostly) triggered in (Love for) My Presence - so I don't

¹ It is by no means that the phenomenon of allowing someone his or her pain was a new insight for me, yet in concrete situations, when you encounter and take on another person's resistance to actually feeling her (or his) pain, you often have to go through an inner struggle again. There is ultimately no thought, trick or theoretical model that you can repeatedly unleash on real life, implement. In concrete human connection, I feel the other person's resistance to accepting the showing by me of her pain and this pain has already nestled in my body, is a fact, I have to deal with it, I have to meditate through it - just until I can return the pain, which has returned to a free state now.

retreat. Oh, how my body longs for the good old days when I was simply Rejected by women (for not being Man enough), and could simply cry, for 16 months for example. Now things have turned around, and to Reject Woman - because of not being fully Woman (in the moment), not having Surrendered into My Love - is so much heavier. The moment I felt I wanted to cry from despair, this tendency suddenly stopped. It didn't break through because of the Simple Recognition of My Man-ness, My Being Man, Being Truth. I don't (always) have to (literally) cry your tears, the tears of Woman. I can just stand up and give you (the Truth of) Man, which you, more or less desperately, ask for.

*Here I Am,
Loving You, Azar*

PS I hope to see you here at least when the Belgians are here. Don't be too good for the Struggle (when it is So). Everyone can finally Relax in the Fact that You Can't Fool Me, Truth, that I Am Here.

Everyone finally yearns, Oh Relief, to be Rejected by the Other Sex (Itself). So that one can Finally Integrate, Live the Missing Part as him or herSelf. Everyone's dying to Die (as separated Self). Who is Willing to Kill you...

Amanya to Azar 30 November 2007

Azar,

Thank you very much for the today letter. The last night one I completely misunderstood, took it that You are fed up with me, my hate, my show, anger, etc, and You don't want to be with me anymore if I'm like this. I felt abandoned in the hell, desperate I'm left there by myself to rot. And I felt tricked by You to go in the shit and then kicked away for I'm too smelly. And I felt hurt, questioning myself and the walls "what's the point to share honestly the negative parts if you are to be punished for it, sent away, left alone?" (that's why I said I understand now why women have to lie and hide in order to have a man in their lives).

While reading Your yesterday note, crying went out (at once) so strong that my head cracked, it felt too small for the force of crying. The eyes' superficial veins broke, and it was no white part anymore, just the iris and all rest red. The nose was bleeding (left nostril), the lips skin cracked open to blood, the temple veins swollen so much that they were pressing on the teeth nerves which (teeth) became very painful, and in the ears I had two loud drums (all these things regarding my head started same time, together with the violence of crying). I barely saw what I wrote back to You. In the middle of this (in fact after an hour since Your note), Wilma came to announce me (in fact she wrote me a note, and intended to put it, sneakily, on my desk so she won't have to face me; she thought I was sleeping, for the lights were all off) that Eduard (the guy she was supposed to sleep at on Sunday, during the Belgians' visit) doesn't agree to have her there on Sunday (she didn't ask him before, only

now, yesterday), and I said I don't care, she can stay home if that's in fact what she's up to (but already in my head everything was clear, in no way could I start now to look for a place for them, so Dina and Pierre could sleep in my 2-persons bed, and Dominique in the living, on the extensible bed Carola used. As for me, I felt free to sleep anywhere, in their car, in the kitchen, at Odin, or not sleep at all if I'd feel like it; anyway, next day she left me another note, that she arranged to sleep somewhere else, so she won't be here Sunday-Monday; all I could feel regarding this was anger with myself for I trusted Wilma again and again, in spite of every constant proof she's not to be trusted; the anger went away fast, it was too much already going on at the time, and I completely forgot Wilma).

But this thing, feeling free to sleep wherever, drove me in a nothing-matters-anymore state. I thought I lost You at the time, so...nothing mattered anymore. Then I got sms's and emails for You from Samaya, printed them robotically (or rather I felt I'm petrified, paralyzed in pain, it wasn't the usual robot I turned into at times, also not the nothing-matters state I had at Your birthday). I managed to write to Samaya a few words about it, and scan Your note for her. Then I crawled in bed, to die there, no reason to wake up anymore. Later (don't know when), I got pissed with my declaration. What do I mean 'no reason to wake up anymore'? What's wrong with me? Why the fuck do I need a (specific) reason (of my choice) to live instead of just live since (and for how long) I have this body?

And with Rose, why sometimes I have no problem with her (like the last time we've met on Tuesday, and You talked a lot about her) and sometimes I do? (the hate one is new, I'll tell later). Why I'm comparing myself with her? Why do I consider I have to turn into something alike her in order to be loved and accepted by You, and, more important, not kicked out? Why ain't I simply myself? Why do I study women instead of simply be one, as in fact I know I am no matter how hard I tried to hide it (even from myself, under titles like "I'll never do something that despicable as she did")? More crying as answers, and a vague mother-like (??) feeling of taking care of myself, of raising myself, a vague soft-sweet feeling for myself (it wasn't self-pity at all). Then I took You in the questioning, why do I want to be with You, why don't I just run with whatever likable guy to whom I'll be his only woman and who won't make me feel that hurt, why don't I just quit men as I obviously don't understand a thing of them...only one answer came, radical and fast: cause I want to. With this answer, my chest enlarged, and I started to yell at You that You can punish and kick and hit and send me away as long as You want, but You cannot force me in any way not to love You anymore, You can't rip this out from my heart, just as I can't force You to like me. We're even! And with this, I went on to follow further Your suggestion and cry my life out (eventually I fell asleep).

This morning when I woke up I couldn't see, only contours, the rest was blurry. When I brushed my teeth, I could see my face in the mirror, not clearly, but I saw I was beautiful (obviously I was really impressed if I say it, usually I can't even stand to be told it's something beautiful at me). My mouth was so beautiful, no bitter line anymore, full, round lips, sweet form and pink, also the face shape was round and the forehead looked bright and sparkling. I was thrilled with it, but then I got sad for so what, is nobody I can share this with anymore. Crying again, detected self-pity this time, and some self-victimizing which chased away my initial joy about it. Later I found Your letter, and I felt desperate for I couldn't see to

read it, just holding and rolling it in my hands with frustration. Finally it came to me that scanned, I can magnify it and read it, which I did. I also wanted to reply right away, but again I couldn't see, and was too weak for staying any longer at the computer (I called You at 15.40, to tell You on phone instead of writing, but You didn't answer). First of all, I got ashamed with my last night accusations, that You abandoned me in the shit, while You were crying on the floor before writing that note. Then I felt so relieved that I'm not punished, You didn't quit me! I may not see clearly for now, and maybe I'm naïve, but is it that...simple?? (well, apart from the pain and fight involved, I mean simple, or un-complicated as mechanism, to just be yourself and take responsibility for it?? ...don't know how to put this in words, I don't minimize it, but somehow comparing with all the trying to be in a specific way in order to be loved, or liked, or accepted, or whatever, and the runnings, and blamings, etc (a full list here) it looks so un-complicatedly simple: in fact all to do is to give yourself and learn from it??? I still don't manage to say what I mean with this 'simple'...). Anyway, since You didn't leave me for I showed this hate, I feel I gained more courage (trust) to show further whatever judged-as-negative things will go through me (or from me). And I'm also glad I had the month-without-You experience, at least that one I'm sure I won't try again: it was such hopeless, useless affair to try to solve things by myself, they only keep rolling and rolling, with no end in sight.

The hate for Rose that I mentioned it was new and I'll tell You later: when I wrote the note about it, there was more to say, but I wanted to tell You when we would have met. Before Carola arrived here I remembered her problems with her boyfriend from March (I described a bit in my email to Samaya, I won't repeat the story again) and my reaction at the time: I was on his side, couldn't understand how come you love somebody, but then you torture like hell that somebody if it doesn't go as you want to, you can't leave the loved one to go where it feels more fulfilled or simply respect the other's choice (Carola really clung on her boyfriend when he wanted to leave her for another woman that he was in love with, in every imaginable way: threats, fights, promises, etc). And more, she wanted to take revenge on that other woman, yelling (we were talking at phone) "I hate her, I want her dead", which puzzled me completely: ok, I understand that you are upset with your boyfriend (Bugs is his name), but what the hell is the other woman guilty of??? She fell in love with a man, he responded to her, end of story, why are you so hateful toward her??? Carola answered me great at the time, but still I was convinced I was right, and she is blinded with fury, can't see straight anymore. She said "what do you know, no man ever left you, let apart for another woman" (which is very true, if we don't count my brother and father). So, before she came here, I remembered this story, and started to cry and felt ashamed with my arrogance at the time (now, that I was through some similar situation, I understood more of her state at that time). When she got here, I shared with her (but not the part that You also have other women) that I'm very sorry I didn't feel her pain in March, and now I do more. We both had tears in our eyes, but Carola didn't want to get back at this subject, so that was the end of it. Then it was this night when I told You I woke up from sleep directly in hate for Rose. When I wrote You the letter about this, I was very happy with it, felt important and proud that 'look at me, I was able to feel hate for my man's other woman', and couldn't wait to meet and share this with You. Wow, how

important was I, I should have write to Guinness Book and get recorded there with my great accomplish (which, funnily, but today I'm grateful for it, or else none of these would have happened, or at least not for now). In the time between I brought at Your place the note about it and Your response which cracked my head, I started to feel sick, with big pains in the lower back, in those 2 points (like small holes) aside the lower spine, and also I had a lot liquid coming out from my vagina, waterish, no colour, no smell, but a lot (I had to put a tampon after changing 2 times pants and underwear). And a lot of spitting, and vomit movements from my throat. Also earlier that day, I spent a lot of time at the computer, and the scanner didn't function anymore, and nerves and frustration about this. Then Your last night note came...

I started to write this letter 5 hours ago, I needed a lot of breaks, feel sick, and still can't see right. The swollen veins + teeth nerves pain is still here since yesterday when it started. My back is crushed, computer-style. But I feel happy, all I can think of is You didn't leave me (but now, when I wrote this, I started to feel a bit that I'm happy for I didn't leave You...it's confusing now)

Today, among all these, I managed to piss Dominique gain (print the emails-exchange for You, also forward to Samaya). I got annoyed with his message, with their analysing and discussing life, and he got annoyed with my answer. I don't consider I was arrogant (as Dominique says), but I was pissed and couldn't stand anymore this males-gathered-together-to-analyse image (or in fact they looked a pretty balanced group, with 2 'women' (Gilbert and Pierre) and 2 men).

On Sunday, would You consider to let me sleep at Your place when they are here? (of course, after You see me that day, how fucked-up I am or not).

*Thank You so very much, and I do love You,
Amanya, the Hatrix (part I...to be continued)*